

THE GOAT

"A" "H Q" "B"

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.50
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AUGUST, 1933

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"A" Squadron Garrison Football Team, 1932.

From right to left — Q.M.S. Hayden, Tpr. Baily, Tpr. Carpenter, Pte. Wilkinson, Cpl. Wheeler, Pte. Jenkinson, Cpl. Quartly, Lt. D. B. Buell, Cpl. Lawrence, Pte. Brown, Cpl. Munro, Lieut. H. Larocque, Pte. Brammer, Pte. Nicholson, Tpr. Marshall, (Absent—Pte. Stevens, Pte. King, Tpr. Carter).

Personal & Regimental

Capt. J. Wood has returned to Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, on completion of his duties with the Militia Staff course at Ottawa, and has proceeded to Bishopton, due for duty with the 3rd Mounted Brigade camp there.

We are all very glad to have S.M.I. Manning back with us again at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

Congratulations to 'B' Sqn. on winning the Inter-Unit Dismount sports again this year. That's the stuff 'B' Sqn. keep up the good work.

The Royal Canadian Dragoons Library at Stanley Barracks, is indebted to Col. H. R. Alley, O. B.E., V.D.; of the Toronto Centennial Executive Committee for an excellent photograph of the 'B' Squadron Musical Ride in review order.

The Cavalry Camp School started its six weeks course of instruction at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns on July 20th. It no doubt proved a little discouraging to the camp the first few days of the course to have a big storm come up and upset everything in the Camp, including their tents after they had got all ship-shape. The weather man may be a believer in adding insult to injury—but after a few days in which the Camp got straightened around again along came a bigger storm than before and did the same thing over again. The weather man may call that having a good time but we hope that in future he will tire of the sport and that the Camp can feel, while they are away at their lectures, in knowing that they will find their tents standing and their property dry for the rest of the course.

The following officers N.C.O.'s and men have reported to the Camp School, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

2/Lt. R. H. Crook, E.T.M.R.
2/Lt. C. P. Young, E.T.M.R.
2/Lt. S. H. Ross, E.T.M.R.
2/Lt. C. S. Burnell, E.T.M.R.
2/Lt. L. M. Hart, 17th H.
2/Lt. A. L. Hugman, 17th H.

2/Lt. J. W. Y. Braithwait, 17th H.
A/Cpl. K. Cleveland, 17th H.
A/Cpl. R. M. Worby, E.T.M.R.
A/L/Cpl. Armitage, E.T.M.R.
A/Cpl. C. Boyce
A/Cpl. P. H. Lamoureux, E.T.M.R.
L/Cpl. P. H. Asmden, 17th H.
L/Cpl. J. Greenshields, 17th H.
L/Cpl. F. Waugh, 17th H.
Tpr. B. O'Connor, 17th H.
Tpr. R. Cowan, 17th H.
Tpr. F. Porter, 17th H.
Tpr. Leroux, 17th H.
Tpr. J. E. Nolan
Tpr. H. Yates 17th H.
Tpr. J. E. Nolan, 17th H.

R.C.D. OFFICERS' MESS

Annual Garden Party

July 15th, 1933, was one of those days that will be labeled as a 'red letterday'. First—because it was the writers' own little birthday, bless 'im; Secondly, it is known as "St. Swithens Day" and Thirdly, it was the day selected for the "Officer's Garden Party."

This annual event was highly successful, though the weather was dull, after the intense heat, we all appreciated the change.

It was held in the Compound, Niagara-on-the-lake, a delightfully picturesque spot, with its magnificent trees and well kept lawns. At 4 p.m. Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D. S.O. assisted by Mrs. A. K. Hemming and Mrs. W. Baty received the visitors who commenced to arrive. A great number of guests present coming from Niagara-on-the-Lake, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Toronto, Thorold, and many other points North, East, South and West. Among those present were:—Maj.-General E. C. Ashton, C.M.G., Col. and Mrs. C. H. Hill, Col. and Mrs. Rhoades, Mrs. Donald R. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Ackland, Major and Mrs. Miller, Lt.-Col. A. K. Hemming, Major W. Baty, Major and Mrs. W. Neilson, Major and Mrs. H. L. N. Salmon, Capt. and Mrs. G. F. Berteau, Capt. and Mrs. L. D. Hammond, Lt. H. A. Phillips, Lieut. A. J. Ardagh, Lt. A. D. Mann, Lieut. J. D. B. Smith, and many others, totalling nearly 200 in all.

The arrangements were excellent with an artistically decorated table, under a huge marquee. Flowers were gayly observed on the tables, beautiful and of a great variety, Musical selections were heard quite distinctly, and appreciated, until the guests arrived in such numbers that what with the smiles, chuckles and talk, the music seemed to fade away.

Great credit for the success of this year Garden Party is due to the splendid co-operation of the Mess Staff. They strived to please and—they were more than successful.

OFFICERS' MESS TEA

A very enjoyable tea was given by the R.C.D. officers in their picturesque Mess Room at Niagara-on-the Lake. This tea took place at the conclusion of the R.C.D. Mounted Sports, held on Saturday July 22nd, 1933.

Numerous guests of the officers came to the Mess after witnessing a most thrilling display on the polo field by the N.C.O.'s and Men. Tea was poured by Mrs. W. Baty and Mrs. L. D. Hammond.

The table and appointments were, as usual up to the excellent standard set at previous functions, thanks to the splendid management of Sgt. and Mrs. S. Lee.

Camp Comments.

Congratulations to Sergeant J. P. Martin on the occasion of his recent promotion to Transport Sergeant.

At the recent Generals' Inspection of the R.C.D. Transport, the General was loud in his praise of the smartness of the turn-out. He claimed that he had never seen such well turned out teams and wagons, and our drivers are to be commended on the occasion.

Lt. A. P. Ardagh, and Cpl. G. L. Norman, are attending the Central Camp School of Signals at Camp Borden. We wish them both the best of luck in their coming examinations.

We welcome to 'B' Squadron, Lt. J. D. B. Smith, who has just 'joined', and also Troopers W. W. McMurray and Donald Burt.

Cpl. J. Cassidy was discharged this month, we wish him the best of luck in "Civvy" life, and the same goes for Trooper 'Harry' Lauder, who also left us this month.

Lt.-Col. and Mrs. 'Bill' Blue, with friends visited the Officers' Mess on July 20th. We were very glad to see them all.

Congratulations to 'B' Co. The R.C.R. on their winning the Inter-Unit Baseball game. They played a great game, and fully deserved their win. Our boys tried hard, and never gave up hope, and they certainly made it close and exciting.

Congratulations to our athletes who made it possible for us to beat our rivals, the R.C.R. on Sports day, again this year, not only to the winners, but to all competitors and officials for their co-operation and splendid exhibition of sportsmanship.

Another enjoyable tea was given by the R.C.D. officers at Niagara-on-the-Lake, on July 29th, 1933. After watching the competitors running in the broiling sun, and people simply sweltering in the heat, how we all enjoyed our 'spot of tea' in the cool Mess Room. The table and flowers looking so fresh and cool seemed like Heaven to our parched throats and sun-tired eyes, Mrs. W. Baty poured tea, and Mrs. W. Neilson the coffee. Another tea has gone

by and the winner... he was so far ahead at the finish that he felt like starting again from 'scratch' and beating the field twice... it was a g-r-r-r-eat race... THE BIG PARADE... wonder if our neighbours the Gravel-Crushers would appreciate a pound and a quarter shot put for a change?... never mind... McLean. He was taken to Victoria hospital in Montreal and from the latest reports we are glad to hear that he is improving and on the road to recovery.



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Baseball.

R.C.R. 21—R.C.D. 17

The Inter-Unit baseball game was played on Monday July 31st, and resulted in a win as above. The game was about the best seen this year, the Drags making a spirited rally in the late innings, and just failing to overtake the Regiment, Manager Webb, using 14 players in an effort to pull out a win.

The R.C.R. played nice ball, their catcher, Sgt. Paul Godin proving himself as a leader, and always inspiring his team to do their best, they won because they played a better game, and aided their pitcher Pte. Grindlay with some nice fielding. Tpr. Walton, for the Squadron turned in a nice effort, but was given poor support with men on base, four double plays going astray. John Martin provided the fielding feature, when he ran far back off second, and grabbed the ball with one hand, while he had his back turned to the plate, for the final out. Both teams indulged in some mighty swatting, as can be seen by the score, and by the fact that Walton struck out eleven. In the final inning, Martin and Wright were on base, and Berkin batted for Douglas. Berkin doubled, scoring Martin, and then Webb batted for Raven. Webb singled, and Wright scored. Galloway followed with a hit, and Webb came home, Ward was up, Ward out, pitcher to first, and Galloway was caught stealing for the

final out. A great game to watch with the usual accompaniment. The Drags "Do or Die" Parade was another feature.

Members of the team were invited over the R.C.R. mess, and a very merry evening resulted, with Pinch-Hitter Gough as Chairman.

The teams were as follows:—

R.C.D.	R.C.R.
Walton, p.	Grindlay, p.
Ward, c.	Godin, c.
Stafford, 1b.	Frappe, 1b.
Martin, 2b & l.f.	Hubbard, 3b.
Nickle, 2b & r.f.	Anthony, 2b.
Wright, l.f. & 3b.	Simpson, s.s.
Douglass, c.f.	Frappe J.J., l.f.
Galloway, s.s.	Hill c.f.
Gray, l.f.	Wilson, r.f.
Raven, r.f.	
Berkin, c.f.	
Webb, r.f.	

Umpires—Sgt. Bell, R.C.A.S.C.,
Cpl. Botten, R.C.C.S.

Another of our canine friends mentioned in dispatches this month at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns is Punch, Alias Herbert, alias a lot of other names not printable.

A dog of great abilities and ambition is Punch, these qualities are just beginning to be noticeable, one sees a dog and does not think very much about it, nothing out of the ordinary, but when ones gaze rests on our Punch, Well, we we just stop and wonder. One day, not long ago he caught a rabbit, how this happened we are at a loss to know, but never the less he caught it, much to his chagrin it was confiscated what Punch thought about this in his dog mind we do not know.

A few days later in rambling around the bushes near the river he saw the bushes move, he makes a jump and grabs the victim by the scruff of the neck, but thinking it a funny looking rabbit he shakes it, throws it in the air, shakes it again, picks it up, and running to the Richelieu Aiver throws it in.

The rabbit (which incidently turned to be a little Pekenese pup who was doing a little hunting on the side) was a rescued by three braves who happened to nearby.

We wonder was it mistaken identity on Punch's part or —just revenge, "Yes Sir," Punch shows promise, even though he is just a young local dog trying to get along in the world.

Camp Dismounted Sports.

On Saturday July 29th, 1933, the Camp Dismounted Sports were held on the Polo Field at Niagara Camp, and once again we were successful in defeating our opponents of long standing, this time by a score of 68 points to 35. The R.C.R. without much new material made every race and event close, and while they were first in the High Jump, and Hop-step and Jump, they had many seconds and thirds.

For the Drags, Mr. Phillips was the outstanding star, winning the 100 yards, 220 yards and 400 yards in easy fashion, and also running anchor in the 1 mile relay winning the individual cup, and also bringing a point in the five mile. We must admit that it is unusual to find a sprinter finishing well up in a 5 mile race. L/Cpl. (Fanny) Parker was another star, winning the half mile and mile with his easy style and splendid pace, and showing the value of consistent training. Trooper (Little Joe) Hobbs, a newcomer to Inter-Unit competition won the three mile race, and ran third in the mile. As he had previously won the 5 mile race, we figure he certainly did his share. Trooper (Jock) Kennedy came out of retirement to place 2nd in the mile, and third in the half-mile. Mr. Smith, our new officer won, both shot-puts, and Trooper (Syd) Bone won the road jump, and placed second in the High Jump. L/Cpl. (Red) Stafford was as usual very much to the fore, throwing the cricket ball so far that no one had enough ambition to go and get it, winning this event, and 'throwing the shot (somewhat) heavier than a cricket ball) far enough to win third in this event. His other successes were 2nd in the hop-step-and jump, and third in the High Jump. Pte. Simpson, who only just joined up in time, won the hop-and jump, and also ran third in the 220 yards. Another R.C.R. winner was Pte. Wilson who jumped higher than any of our horses, and appeared ready to keep jumping all day, the winning height being 5 ft 4 inches. Pte. C. Wilson was another pointer for the Gravel-crushers placing third in the 12 lb shot put third in the hop step-and-jump,

and third in the cricket ball throw. The complete list of winners appears elsewhere in this issue. S.S. D.I. J. Copeland's tug-of-war team displayed their worth in winning in two straight pulls, it is a long time since our tug-of-war team was defeated.

The officials were as follows:—

Judges—

Lt.-Col. A. K. Hemming, R.C.R.
Major W. Baty, R.C.D.
Major W. Neilson, D.S.O., R.C.R.
Capt. G. F. Berteau, R.C.D.
Capt. L. D. Hammond, R.C.D.

Clerks of the Course—

R.S.M. F. Wardell, D.C.M., R.C.D.
S.S.M. C. Sayger, R.C.D.
C.S.M. A. S. Ward, R.C.R.

Committee—

Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., R.C.D.
Lieut. H. A. Phillips, R.C.D.
Lieut. J. G. Parker, R.C.R.

Official Scorers—

Cpl. J. B. Harrison, R.C.D.
L/Cpl. A. F. Charlton, R.C.R.

Result of Camp Dismounted Sports

Event No.

- 1—12 lb. Shot Put—1st Lt. Smith, 2nd Tpr. Gray, 3rd Pte. C. Wilson.
- 2—1½ mile race—1st Cpl. Parker, 2nd Tpr. Matthews, 3rd Tpr. Kennedy.
- 3—Hop-step-jump—1st Pte. Simpson, 2nd Tpr. Stafford, 3rd Pte. C. Wilson.
- 4—440 yards—1st Lt. Phillips, 2nd Cpl. Barker, 3rd Pte. Jones.
- 5—1 mile race—1st Cpl. Parker, 2nd Tpr. Kennedy, 3rd Tpr. Hobbs.
- 6—100 yards—1st Lt. Phillips, 2nd Pte. Hill, 3rd Pte. Johns.
- 7—Cricket Ball—1st Cpl. Stafford, 2nd Pte. C. Wilson, 3rd Pte. Hill.
- 8—220 yards—1st Lt. Phillips, 2nd Hill, 3rd Pte. Simpson.
- 9—Broad Jump—1st Tpr. Bone, 2nd Pte. Simpson, 3rd Cpl. Stafford.
- 10—1 mile relay—1st R.C.D. (Lt. Phillips, Tprs. Knights, Matthews, Cpl. Parker.
- 11—High Jump—1st Pte. W. Wilson, 2nd Tpr. Bone, 3rd, Cpl. Stafford.
- 12—Tug-of-War—1st Royal Canadian Dragoons.
- 13—3 mile race—1st Tpr. Hobbs,

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-2nd Boy Forrest, 3rd Cpl. Massey.

4. a. 8 lb shot put, 1st Lt. Smith, 2nd Sgt. Frape, 3rd Cpl. Stafford.

5 mile race—1st Tpr. Hobbs, R.C.D., 2nd Pte. Atwood, R. C.R. 3rd Boy Forrest, R.C.R.

Summary

Event No. 1—R.C.D. 9 R.C.R. 4	
Event No. 2— " 9 " 0	
Event No. 3— " 3 " 6	
Event No. 4— " 8 " 1	
Event No. 5— " 9 " 0	
Event No. 6— " 5 " 4	
Event No. 7— " 5 " 4	
Event No. 8— " 5 " 4	
Event No. 9— " 6 " 3	
Event No. 10— " " "	
Event No. 11— " 4 " 5	
Event No. 12— " " "	
Event No. 13— " 5 " 4	
68	35

Individual Scores

	Points
Lt. H. A. Phillips, R.C.D.	16
L/Cpl. F. R. Parker, R.C.D. ...	13
Tpr. . L. Hobbs, R.C.D.	11
L/Cpl. S. N. Stafford, R.C.D. 10	
Pte. Simpson R.C.R.	9
Pte. Hill, R.C.R.	7
Lieut. J. D. B. Smith, R.C.D. ...	6
Pte. C. P. Wilson, R.C.R. ...	6

The Cavalry Camp School came to a close at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns on Saturday 19th. Although things did not go off very smoothly at the start the Camp soon got settled down and had a fairly quite time for the remainder of the camp. We wish them all the best of luck and success in their endeavours.

The horse, in his attitude to man differs from all other classes of stock, in that he produces energy, not food.

The elimination of war will never be achieved by wishful thinking or by mere appeal to emotion—James A. Angell.

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Results of Squadron Mounted Sports.

July 22nd, 1933.

Event No. 1

Half-Section Jumping—

1st.—L/Cpl. F. R. Parker and L/Cpl. F. N. Stafford, 3rd Troop.

2nd.—L/Cpl. R. L. Walker and Tpr. F. Brass, 2nd Troop.

3rd.—L/Cpl. H. Hewitt and Tpr. V. Ward, 1st Troop.

Event No. 2

Section Tent-Pegging—

1st—Second Troop (Sgt. Langley, Tprs. Davidson, Knights and Smith.)

2nd—Third Troop (L/Cpls. Webb, Stafford, Parker, Tpr. Crowe.)

3rd—First Troop (Cpl. Siggins, L/Cpls. Hewitt, Morgan and Tpr. Ward.)

Event No. 3

Open Jumping—

1st—Tpr. V. Ward, 1st Troop.

2nd—L/Cpl. W. T. Morgan, 1st Troop.

3rd—L/Cpl. F. R. Parker, 3rd Troop.

4th—Tpr. H. R. G. Figg, 3rd Troop.

Event No. 4

Lloyd Lindsay Race—

1st—Third Troop (L/Cpls. Stafford and Webb, Tprs. Figg and Woolley.

2nd—First Troop (L/Cpls. Hewitt and Morgan, Tprs. Ward and Searle.)

3rd—(L/Cpl. Price, Tprs. Davidson, Matthews, Knights.)

Summary of Troop Scores

	No.	No.	No.
	1	2	3
Half-Section Jumping	1	3	5
Section Tent-Pegging	0	10	5
Open Jumping	8	0	1
Lloyd Lindsay Race	5	0	10
	14	13	21

Police officer to Colonel: (After car smash up) "Can you tell me the cause of this accident?"

Colonel: I certainly can, for the last ten years my wife has been telling me how to drive the car and today I let her try it."

Is This War?

The Camp is very deserted, as almost everyone of importance is out, (except us of course). The few remaining in Camp are walking around with anxious looks on their faces, and constantly pricking their ears to hear the sound of distant firing. "Will we be safe in our beds tonight?" is the question that passes from lip to lip, and there flashes through our mind a recent picture we saw at Loews showing the fugitive Chinese retreating from the Japs, and we wonder how we will manage with our wardrobe trunk. Work is almost at a standstill, so fraught is the air with ill omens. A cloud of dust appears in the distance of Paradise Grove, and we hastily seize our typewriter, (our only available weapon) and come to the "On Guard" position determined to sell our life dearly, at any price. The cloud of dust nears the camp confines, and we see it is none other than the Orderly Sergeant who has apparently come back to see who is on "Piquet" tonight, as they cannot be slain. He is mounted on a bicycle, and has ridden through several enemies, five plowed fields, and about four miles along the centre of a 'river'. Word of the success or failure of the attack is eagerly sought, but our hopes are rudely shattered when we are informed that "it doesn't start until ten o'clock" so we repair to the Canteen to bolster our shattered nerves. We try to appear nonchalant but the strain of waiting is obviously telling on us, and we casually make our way back to our desk, we doze.....

A noise like a machine gun fire wakes us, and we are just in time to perceive a Trumpeter on a motor cycle speed along the road, and come to a collected 'halt.' We also see some troops converging on the motor-cyclist, and hastily messages are passed from and to, the import of which is obvious when the Troops immediately dismount and draw forth their rifles, amble-ushing as it were whoever should come along that road.—A whistle blows:—the the tumpeter tries to sound 'all clear' on his horn, and we heave a sigh of relief as we learn that we are safe for another day. In parties of four to twelve, the victors ride in to Camp. We see a very little man with a large flag, apparently con-

vinced that he alone has won the battle (hello Joe), and we also see a very large man on a very small horse (hello Jerry). We hear one young soldier, when asked why he didn't cross that road, reply, "Well I thought it was a River", only to be told that "Why you??!!, you were on the river all the time... what do you think you are, the NAVY?" Soon there is a procession from Stables to the lines, men carrying rifles and swords, other men, more fortunate, carrying rifles and swords, other men carrying swords, flags and signallers, most unfortunate, carrying everything from a Grand Piano to a spare piece of wire. Soon when they have rested they will return to stables, and knock some of the dirt off the horses and saddles.....It may not be WAR, but it is....rather fun.

Here and There.

Camp is almost over.....will be by the time you read this.... August. 4th, and the July issue not here yet....wat abaht it Mr. Ed.?.....no wonder there is an occasional preponderance of news, followed by a general lack of same.....our sporting calendar is almost over, and did we put it over on the "INFANTARY"... just look up the results.... good old 'B'.....but we must be non-partisan.....did anyone see First Troop winning the open jumping at the Annual Picnic... good old first troop, our first love incidently....and did Little Joe win the 5 mile?? win it did you say??.....he was so far ahead at the finish that he felt like starting again from 'scratch' and beating the field twice....it was a g-r-r-eat race....THE BIG PARADE....wonder if our neighbours the Gravel-Crushers would appreciate a pound and a quarter shot put for a change?... never mind,.....who was the would-be five miler who arranged for his car to go and get him if he wasn't in by a sundown?...and did the car go for him?...wat abaht it Dave me BHOY.....too many stogies..... of course Red Stafford had to go and win about five places and a first, and he was so disappointed that he said afterwards that he would have to retire and give the young fellows a chance.....Alright Methuselah, go and comb your beard....our

enemies won the Ball Game, probably because our lads had been hearing too much about a "War-like Tribe from Northland" and thought the R.C.R. were they.... but was it a game.... Manager Webb played everyone but Sam Lee and Thomas Duff Esq., in an effort to put across the winning run.....and what about the "Smoker" after the game in the R.C.R. mess....all our players invited.....and a proper "Muck-in" party..... we sure like these sort of functions.....what about more of them.....come on COM-MITTEE....exercise your prerogative (elementary that word).....Fanny Parker has bin and gorn and done it nah,,.... the best miler we have had in years....and Jock Kennedy came out of retirement on Sports day beat anything in the R.C.R. that runs.....wait till you see us next year.....yes, its a threat alright.....we'd like to be serious for a moment and congratulate our athletes on their splendid exhibition under conditions the most trying.....Duff, claimed he was "Hot stuff" at an ancient

Scottish Sport called "Hurling the Telegraph Pole" or some such, we suspect he had been practising on some tent-poles, after a recent storm.....and we heard him threaten to 'put' the Canteen down near the wagon sheds.....and now its Good Old Niagara-in-the-Mud again..... raining as only this town can rain....after so much heat, its a pleasure to feel chilly.....the Musical Ride is going on without us.....we did two rehearsals sans chevaux, and one rehearsal avec chevaux before the S.M. chased us back to our typewriter..... oh well, we must be on the wane.....we have had a good Camp.....Sez You??..... and maybe we won't soon be fed up with City Life again.....our own Walter Winchell has bought another Car.....atta boy Walt... soon we will be properly mechanised.....the brain clogs.... we are at the end of our tether....so we will tie a knot and hang on until.....next month.... thanks, J.B.H.

Old Comrades Association Annual Picnic.

On Saturday, July 22nd, 1933, the polo field at Niagara-on-the-Lake was the scene of yet another Old Comrades Picnic, many hundreds of Old Comrades and their families making the perilous voyage from Toronto and elsewhere to join in an afternoon's fun and activities, and to meet old friends. The weather was 'as per syllabus' very hot, and not much wind, which while causing a 'run' on the liquid refreshments was in keeping with the afternoon's program.

The boat, bringing the Advance Guard, which was incidentally the Main Body docked at 11.15 and the reception committee were pleased to learn that there had been no cases of sea-sickness, no one had fallen over-board, and in fact, the good ship had been riding the waves like a true cavalry man, as if she had spurs on, and a roll-call proved that everyone was present. Shortly afterwards, the road to the polo field was a mass of colour, as smartly clad women and children made their way across to the afternoon's stamping ground. Others of course

had already arrived by car, and many more came over on the late boat, work and business making it impossible for them to get away earlier. At 12.00 noon, we were very surprised to hear Martial Music, announcing the arrival of Chevalier V. E. Gianelli and his International Cosmopolitan "Sympathy" orchestra featuring 'Mussolini' and Scotsman with knees very low and inside. The organization, whose presence no one could account for, was with our own company of Clowns, Messrs. Martin, Gough and Lord the big attraction for the children throughout the afternoon. At 1.00 p.m. there were sports and games for the young people, and Cpl. Duff expressed disgust and some resentment when he found out that he could not compete, so strong was his desire to get his name in print. At 2.00 p.m. the Squadron Mounted Sports were started. The complete results of the sports are elsewhere in this issue, we need this space to tell you of other things. O Circus Act by Sgt. Galloway and Tpr. Harry Gough, the India Rubber Baby, was very good, and had the gathering in a frenzy of laughter. The Chevalier's Int. Cosm. Sym. Band then rendered "Classical" music with appropriate effects, their leader having trouble finding out where the noise was coming from, and everyone was ready for the tug-of-war, Past versus Present. After a lot of pulling and backing up, the Past won two pulls, chiefly, because they went back so far that they outnumbered the Present, and also because they had the longest end of the rope. The prize, a box of fifty cigars probably gave them half a cigar apiece, or at least several puffs per man. The presentation of prizes then took place, and when the time came to present the prize to the Captain of the winning tug-of-war team, he could not be found. Much shouting and waving of arms, resulted in the Scotsman with very low knees forcing his way through the crowd hind-end first, reining back, well in hand, towards the table. He said he did not want to take his eyes off the Refreshment Tent which was nearly closing down through being out of stock. We saw a very forward young lady in red stockings and large shoes making a date with the other than our own Harry Gough, who was most anxious to make ar-

rangements for the evening. An announcement over the loud speaker to the effect that a little girl named Brown was lost, and was waiting to be claimed brought some or eight anxious fathers hurrying out to see if she was theirs' By 5.00 p.m. the program was at end, and everyone adjourned for

Supper, in a very few minutes, the crowd breaking up into smaller parties under the trees. It must be admitted that the afternoon was a huge success, the Mounted Sports in particular being exceptionally fine. The jumping performances were very good, and in fact never has there been held a better Annual picnic. To Senior Judge present, and were surprised to recognize in her none give a list of those present would fill up several issues of the Goat, and we didn't have nearly enough time to speak to everyone. To sum up—a glorious day, everybody happy, and a hearty vote of thanks to the committee, who certainly did themselves proud to make the day a success. It certainly was. So friends here's to 1934, may it bring a happy day as just past.

WINNERS OF CHILDREN EVENTS

Boys, 5 to 8 years—

1st Douglas Thompson, 2nd Richard Meeker, 3rd Joe Crowe.

Girls 5 to 8 year—

1st Nell McNeillage, 2nd Irene Smith,, 3rd Edith Hammond.

Boys 12 to 15 years—

1st Billy Pearson, 2nd John Heawood, 3rd Bobby Dowdell.

Girls 12 to 15 years—

1st Carrie Harbour, 2nd Irene Mackintosh, 3rd Marion Thompson.

Boys 9 to 12 years—

1st Howard Meeker, 2nd Ross Coulter, 3rd Jimmy Duncan.

Girls 9 to 12 years—

1st Betty Patterson, 2nd Betty Thompson, 3rd Kathleen Dasey.

Ladies Lucky Draw—

Mrs. J. Maclean, Mrs. R. Davidson, Mrs. J. R. Coulter, Mrs. Scott and Mrs. C. Morrison.

Parson: (to little boy caught smoking a cigarette): "Are you aware what you are coming to?"

Little boy: "Yes Sir,, the butt."

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Football.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns. Que.

A game of unusual interest was played at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, August 4th, when the French Navy Team from Montreal played against the Garrison team. The game was well played all through, the Garrison Team making and extra good showing—never trying to rush it, but kept up a good display of team work that rattled the Navy considerably, whether they missed the bounding sea and heaving deck we do not know, they worked hard for what they got but the Garrison got a head start, and running away with the score finished with a score of 5-2 in favour of the Garrison. After the game, the Garrison entertained the French Team at a smoker, this was certainly a large part of the evening. The visitors later left for Montreal, no doubt feeling that even if they did lose that darn game they had had a great time anyway.

St. Johns vs. Verdun Hospital

A game of unusual interest was played at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, August 17th, when we were visited by the Verdun Hospital Team of Montreal, with a good crowd of visitors and spectators present the ball was kicked off as six-fifteen. Owing to a very high wind which for some reason had to rise just at that particular time both teams were put at a bad disadvantage. The locals fought hard but game was with the Verdun team from the start. We must hand it to those lads, on their neat foot work. Verdun scored three goals in the first half and one in the second period. In the second period, St. Johns, more determine than ever to make a showing went at it hot and strong, one of the visitors having an accordion supplied the "Music", from the side, (Could be handle it) What effect this had on "Sailor" Lawrence we do not know, but he pitched right into it, (We do not mean the Accordion, we mean the game) and scored a goal—before the Verdun goal-keeper realized what it was all about. That old saying that "Music hath charms to sooth the trouble breast," may be true enough. We imagine that goal-keeper was troubled when he



saw that ball in the net, and when Wilkinson scored on a penalty soon after he did not say anything but no doubt thought a lot, we also noticed that the accordion stopped playing "We Wonder?". The St. Johns Team seemed to pick up considerably towards the end of the game, no doubt if they had played longer they would have made better showing. S.S.M. F. Harding was referee for the game. Both teams were entertained at a smoker in the National Hotel where they all became better acquainted on a better footing.

R.C.D. vs. Hart Battery

And we are still at it still pounding away at one another, No, this no boxing match just the old war between the R.C.D. and Hart Battery. It looks as if the Drags are still in the hunt for the League Title.

For so e reason the Hart Battery was not up to form. They had many chances to score but their forwards seemed weak. The Hart

Battery goal was scored by Thornton when he capitalized it from a penalty awarded the Batterymen when Jewkes handled the ball in the second period. The two goals scored by the Drags were well done, Munro getting the first from a scramble in front of he nets, and Marshall's score was so close that Beattie stood no chance. The game, well played by all, finished with a score of 2-1 in favour of the Drags, with training, we should have a first rate Garrison team.

"It is terribly important to know what to avoid in life."—Irvin S. Cobb.

WANTED, DETECTIVES ???

Now I'm not here to tell you,
Of the men about the square
But I'm sure you'll all agree with me
That "Snap and Pip" are there.

Early one summer's morning.
When no one was around,
"Snoop and Pip" had started
To trace tracks upon the ground.

Step by step advancing,
With very stealthy tread.
They continued these manoeuvres.
To an old old tin shed....

Oh, Oh, what have we discovered?
Is that a motorcycle there?
If we can find the other one
Those two will make a pair.

Slowly they continued,
This stealthy promenade.
To ascertain just why and how?
Those dog-gone tracks were made.

After a brief discussion
On how to end this fight
They saw the missing cycle
Just resting out of sight.

And now to get the owners,
Of these motorcycles found.
And see what they will have to say—
About these tracks upon the ground.

The guilty ones looked pale and wan,
They wracked their brains, and found
A really plausible excuse,
For the tracks upon the ground.

So now we are contented.
So are the men about the square,
Be very very careful Lads, and play the game—
Be fair,
For you never know when Snoop and Pip
Are here; and there; are Where??

"How wicked we are not to develop our culture so that art is available to every one."—Rebecca West.

Officers and men

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St. Johns

History of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Compiled by the late Major T. A. James, R.C.D. and verified and edited by Mr. R. C. Featherstonaugh.

Attack and Counter-Attack

On July 12th 1900, a general advance was made at day-break against the Boer positions covering a range of hills—Witpoort—Koffy Spruit—Olifantsfontein, and in a few hours the enemy were in retreat. The greater part of the British force thereupon returned to Pretoria for the night. General Hutton established a camp for his Brigade at Rietvlei, and there the Regiment remained until a general advance was made on Middelburg on July 23rd.

A week before the advance on Middelburg began, the Boers made a strong attack on the British line of outposts and in the fighting that followed the 1st Battalion, Canadian Mounted Rifles, was heavily engaged. "B" Squadron was ordered to support the Mounted Infantry outposts and "A" Squadron, which for a time formed part of a reserve in camp, was eventually sent, under Lt. Col. Lessard's command, to strengthen the left flank. This position, held by New Zealand troops, had been turned and was in considerable danger.

Meanwhile, "B" Squadron found that near Witpoort the Boers were driving heavily against positions held by the Royal Irish Fusiliers.

The situation was critical and a counter-attack was necessary. This was launched and was successful; but success was achieved only at a cost, for in the attack Lts. H. L. Borden and J. B. Burch were killed and Privates A. W. Brown and L. N. R. Malloy were wounded.

Tribute to the Regiment's Service

Upon receiving a report on the counter-attack at Witpoort, Major-General Hutton telegraphed to the Military Secretary, Army Headquarters, as follows:

Lieutenants Borden and Burch 1st C.M.R. were killed yesterday

while gallantly leading their Canadians in a counter-attack upon the enemy's flank at a critical juncture of their assault upon our position at Witpoort, I have twice brought the name of Lieutenant Borden to the Commander-in-Chief's notice in my despatches for intrepid and gallant conduct.

Further tribute to Lieuts. Borden and Burch and to the men of "B" Squadron was paid by the Officer Commanding 2nd Battalion, Irish Fusiliers, in the following letter to Col. Lessard;

"In the few words I spoke to you tonight at the funeral of your two very gallant officers, I am afraid I failed to convey the deep gratitude my Regiment owes to the 1st C.M.R. for their gallantry in going so nobly and fearlessly to the succor of our beleaguered detachment at Witpoort yesterday.

The counter-attack your Regiment made occurred at a most critical moment, and it doubtless saved many lives of our detachment.

We deplore greatly the losses you have sustained and shall ever bear in grateful memory the gallantry and self-sacrifice of the 1st C.M.R. on this occasion.

I shall deem it a great favour if you will kindly convey to your Officers, N.C.O's and men, the purport of this letter.

Yours very faithfully,

JOHN REEVES, Col.

Comdg., 2nd Battalion (Princess Victoria's) Royal Irish Fusiliers.

Advance on Middelburg

On July 23rd, a general advance on Middelburg was made and the Regiment marched to Boschpoort, acting first as advance guard and later as the flank guard. Contact with the enemy occurred at 12.30 p.m. and again at 4 p.m. Continuing the march on the days that followed, the Regiment reached Vlakkfontein on the 24th; provided a rear-guard to Brigade Transport and five-inch guns on the 25th; marched at 6 a.m. and reached Good Hope Farm at 9 p.m., on the 26th, and on the 27th proceeded to Middelburg.

Lines of Communication

From July 28th to August 25th the Regiment was on the line of communication between Middel-

burg and Belfast, and was detailed to hold the following places;

Buffelskloof,—July 31st.

Doornkop—August 1st

Bankfontein—August 2nd to 6th

Pan Station,—August 6th to 11th.

Nooitgedacht,—August 11th to 13th.

Pan Station,—August 13th to 15th.

Leeuwfontein,—August 15th to 17th.

Nooitgedacht,—August 17th to 23rd.

Belfast,—August 25th.

The Regiment formed part of the reserve during the three days' fighting at Belfast—Bergundal.

Royal Canadian Dragoons Once More

On August 27th, 1900 the following extract from an Army Order of August 21st was published. It marked the success of an appeal by Col. Lessard, on behalf of the Regiment, for authorization to reassume a designation, appropriate in the circumstances and stimulating to the Regimental morale, which it was the Colonel's ardent desire to maintain and foster.

In view of the representation that nearly all the officers and a large portion of men serving in the unit known as the 1st Battalion, C.M.R. belong to The Royal Canadian Dragoons, that unit will, in future, be designated the "Royal Canadian Dragoons." Authority War office Letter No. 58, 2,396 d/24—7—1900.

Spitzkop, Boschpoort and Boschpoort Valley

On August 30th, the Regiment made a reconnaissance in Steelpoort Valley between Spitzkop and Boschpoort. Owing to the non-receipt of wires sent by the G.O. C. to other units who were to have supported this reconnaissance, the Regiment for about two hours was in a precarious position and was forced to fight its way out and retreat towards Wonderfontein. Some three weeks later, on September 23rd, a patrol of the Royal Canadian Dragoons left Wonderfontein for the Boschpoort Valley and soon came in touch with the enemy. In the ensuing skirmish Privates A. M. Spence and A. Radcliff were killed and Private F. Thornton was wounded.

Prompt Action of Private Harbottle

Some time previous to the action in which Privates Spence and Radcliffe were killed, a machine-gun with a detachment from the Royal Canadian Dragoons had been lent to the Canadian Mounted Rifles, who were stationed at Nooitgedacht. On September 25th, the O.C. Royal Canadian Dragoons received the following letter from the O.C. Troops Nooitgedacht;—

I have the honour to express to you my appreciation of the prompt manner in which Private Harbottle of your Machine-Gun Section carried out his duties as camp sentry yesterday morning.

His challenge, followed by prompt action, undoubtedly prevented the camp from being surprised and reflected great credit on himself and his Corps.

Belfast—Spitzkop

On October 1st, a few days after the incident in which Private Harbottle distinguished himself, information was received that the railway between Belfast and Wonderfontein was threatened. Sixty-five N.C.O's and men of the R.C.D. and two machine guns advanced towards Epitzkop down the Steelpoort Valley, under command of Col. Lessard. They came in touch with the enemy at Boschpoort and Klipfontein, and the Boers, though reinforced by a party from the direction of Nooitgedacht retired to Spitzkop.

In the engagement, the left flank patrol came under fire from a ridge to the left front where the enemy could be seen. Sergeant Ryan, with a few men, worked along the ridge and was congratulated by the Colonel on the manner in which he carried out his duty. Later, the reconnaissance having accomplished its purpose of driving the enemy from the immediate vicinity of Belfast, a retirement was ordered and carried out.

Four days later, at 8 a.m., sixty N.C.Os and men of the R.C.D. and one gun of the R.C.A. (Under Lt. Morrison, later Major-General Sir E. W. B. Morrison, K.C.M.G. C.B., D.S.O.) marched under the command of Col. Lessard in the direction of Suikerbosch Kop, for a reconnaissance of enemy positions north and west of Belfast. At 10 a.m. touch with the Boers was established at Weltefreden,

about seven miles north of Belfast. The enemy retired, taking up a number of positions from which they were successively driven by shell and rifle fire. In the afternoon, the Boers having been forced back to Spitzkop and their strength satisfactorily tested, the Canadian forces returned to Belfast.

Referring in a letter, later embodied in his book "With the Guns", to the work of the Royal Canadian Dragoons on this occasion, Lt. Morrison, of the R.C.A. wrote as follows:

A Troop of Dragoons under Lt. Sutton, proceeded to the right several miles to make good a flanking ridge. The R.C.D.'s have become artists at this and it was pretty to see them work.

One horseman, called a pointer, advances straight towards the rocky crest of a kopje; a quarter of a mile behind him two more advance; about the same distance in rear the rest of the troop in line with wide intervals. When the pointer gets within a couple of hundred yards of the kopje, if they shoot him you know the Boers are there. Of course they do not always hit him; but the chances are they may.

It requires a lot of nerve and courage on the part of the pointer, but the relatively small proportion of Canadian troops in this army of a quarter of a million did not win their reputation as fighters for nothing. . . .

There was a crackle of fire in front of Sutton's pointer, but he only dismounted and halted. The pointer waited for a few minutes, then mounted again and rode forward, and the whole troop disappeared behind a ridge on our right front, from whence a sharp fusillade began.

A troop, under Lt. C. T. Vans Straubenzie, advanced to make good a rocky kopje on the left and the main body went straight forward.

Near Belfast

Throughout October, 1900, the Royal Canadian Dragoons remained near Belfast. Col. Lessard was in command of all troops in Belfast from October 4th to 17th a period of constant patrolling outpost duty, and reconnaissances, and one of no little anxiety, which was relieved eventually by the arrival of forces under the command of General Middleton and Gene-

ral French. From October 18th to 30th patrolling and reconnaissances continued and in these duties the R.C.D. took part. No heavy fighting occurred, but shots were exchanged with the enemy and, on one occasion, a number of prisoners were brought in. Earlier in the month, Col. Lessard had received a letter from Major-General E. T. H. Hutton, who was sailing from Capetown for England. It was dated October 14th and contained the following appreciation of the Regiment's service;

It must be with real feelings of satisfaction that your officers and yourself look back upon the result of the last seven months, and Canada has good reason to be proud of the manner, in which your Regiment has upheld the reputation of Canadian troops.

It has been a constant pleasure to me to note how excellently your Regiment has profited by its opportunities and what real service it has performed.

General Smith-Dorrien's Flying Column

On November 1st 1900, the Royal Canadian Dragoons joined a force commanded by General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien and including also the 5th Lancers, the Canadian Mounted Rifles, the 1st Battalion, Gordon Highlanders, the King's Shropshire Light Infantry and various units of Engineers and Artillery. Calling the Commanding Officers of his units together in Belfast on the morning of November 1st, Sir Horace outlined a raid he had planned on a boerlaager at Witkloof, some twenty miles to the south, which had been identified as the source of much interference with the British railway communications.

It rained all day, and was raining when the force in two columns started out at sunset, and the cold became intense. General Smith-Dorrien, in his book "Memoirs of Forty-Eight Years' Service" speaks of the weather as "most abominable;" and Colonel Lessard has written, "I have never imagined, nor could ever have imagined, it possible to pass such a miserable night."

Despite the hardships of the night march in a blizzard of mingled snow and rain, General Smith-Dorrien has noted that at 7.30 a.m. Colonel J. Spens's column, which included the Royal Cana-

dian Dragoons, appeared according to plan to the west of Vanwyksvlei. But the whole force had been soaked by the driving rain; the men were numb with cold; the infantry had marched fifteen miles in solden great-coats and were exhausted; three horses had died; and the Boer Laagar at Witkloof lay some miles ahead. To attack was almost impossible, and the General abandoned all thought of doing so. He ordered a withdrawal to Belfast, in the conduct of which the Royal Canadian Dragoons formed the rear-guard of their own column and were able to give valued help to the Gordon Highlanders, who were acting as rear-guard to the parallel column. Some impressions of the severity of the weather during the night march to Vanyksvlei and the subsequent return is conveyed by medical reports, which state that nearly forty of the R. C.D. were compelled to parade sick with rheumatism.

WHAT HAVE WE?

Anybody want to buy a Duck?
Anybody want to try his luck?
It's pedigree unknown,
But a nicer Duck's not shown.
It's young, It's wild
The price is very mild
Come on men, WHAT'S that you say?
I could not give the thing away,
Now that remark, I don't call nice,
For two duck feathers, I'd raise the price
Come on now fellows, it's sure Luck—
For any one that wants to buy a nice fat duck!
(Yea, but how about the price, a little down each week.)

Sgt., to Chinese cook: "That is nice soup, what is it? Quack, Quack.

Chinese cook: "No, allee same bow-wow."

There have been some very interesting games of Cricket played at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns. The Garrison team who have been playing the town are shaping up nicely. The visit of an Eleven from the McGill Cricket Club who is to play here in a few weeks will be of interest to all cricket fans, it looks as if cricket will be playing a big part in the sports world here in future.

Let's Go to the Horse Show.

Our Dumb Animals, Boston.

The outdoor horse show season is now in full swing and a few days ago Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen donned their best bibs and tuckers and set out for an exhibition in their town which the local newspapers had assured them was being staged by "horse lovers."

Mrs. Citizen nearly lost her mind over the 'trappy little hackney ponies and their marvelous 'knee' and hock action. She didn't get a look at the big thick slab of lead in each little foot, concealed by a leather pad nailed under the shoe. She was right in one particular though, the 'knee' action, because weighed horses certainly do work from the knee. At that she wasn't more uninformed than the judge of the class who "put up" one of the little weighted creatures with poor shoulder action, not realizing that a wellbred hackney will naturally use its legs high, wide and handsome without any shoes at all and that, given the right shoulder action, the knees take care of themselves.

Mrs. Citizen also thought the funny little docked tails "cute", but then she'd never seen these little ponies when their usefulness to exploit the vanity of certain persons was over and as they were going "down the ladder," "under the hammer" from one sales stable to another, standing in hot stalls unskeeted being actually later alive by flies and perhaps only a few hairs left in their stumps of tails.

Mr. Citizen enjoyed the saddle horses, especially the five-gaited ones "that shows breeding, all right," he observed importantly, 'look at the grand way their tails stand out.' He didn't of course, comprehend the tail setting operation, nor did he know that these 'cut' horses had stood for hours before their class with their tails trussed up in those devices of the devil known as tail sets, without which final little attention they would have been sorry sights in the show ring. Nor did he realize that much of their seeming energy in holding out their tails was induced by the introduction of capsaicum, ginger, or some other stinging substance into the anus just before

they entered the ring. "Horse lovers" are invariably well informed concerning these little niceties. And when that big, powerful chestnut won the three-gaited class the Citizens didn't know that he was a notorious 'puller' and that his excellent ring manners were directly traceable to a 'lip strap'; in other words, a piece of stout twine twisted about his tender gums and tongue in such a way as to cause downright agony if he didn't 'do his stuff.' Nor did they know that this mouth had been originally ruined by being manhandled.

Here come the jumpers, "Oh, the dear things, how they love to jump! Oh, yeah! "Look at the nervous little bay horse, going as though the devil were after it!" Yea, verily. Had the Citizens been out in the paddock just before the class they would have seen the little bay being railed. They would have seen a man jumping her over a four-foot fence with two other men holding a heavy, square-cut, four-inch rail across and in front of the jump, one man on each end. As the little mare cleared the jump nicely these men would bang this 'pole' into her knees. Most persons know how painful is just a slight blow on the knee. Then some persons wonder why so many hunters and jumpers 'stand over', or have 'sprung' knees.

"Look at the little black horse; well, he is a hot cup o' tea. What's he so mad about—look at his ears, held flat back." Listen, lady, you'd probably get a bit 'het up' under treatment such as he just got out behind the barn. The well-known trainer riding him holds that "you've got to get them honked up before taking them in to jump or they might lay down with you." Just before the class said trainer gave the little horse a thorough beating with a club made out of a broom handle. Do you notice the way he twists his body and kicks out, both sides after he clears the jumps? The railing he got earlier in the day is fresh in his mind. He caught it in the hind legs and he's still trying to get away from it.

"Oh, gracious here comes our gallant National Guard! Look at those horses jump, going like mad! Oh dear, that boy almost fell off." Yes, and too bad he didn't. As horsemen the National Guardsmen would make good locomotive

The Way of a Horse With a Man.

By the courtesy of Bridle and Golfer

"Is it Jump! Is it the horse that jumped five foot of a clothesline in Hefferman's yard and not a one on his back but himself, and didn't leave so much as the track of his hoof on the quilt that was hanging on it!" Thus Michael Hallahane in that well-loved classic, "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." (Resident Magistrate.) Irishmen have a faculty for spinning tall yarns where the performances of their horses are concerned, and I have yet to hear of the fence which they will admit too stiff for their equine countrymen. An amusing story and a true one, highly illustrative of this Irish trait, is told of an old man who left his home in Ireland a great many years ago. But he brought his memories with him, and now his time is spent recounting the achievements of horses which according to his description, might well have vied with the cow of moon-jumping fame in our nursery days. So enthusiastic does he become that he fails to sense the fact that his amused listeners occasionally "pull his leg."

One day when he was earnestly describing some steeplechase course in Ireland with fences of fabulous height, one man turned to him and said in all seriousness, "Tell me, what is that course in Ireland where the last jump is a blacksmith shop?" A puzzled frown crossed the old fellow's brow and he thought for a moment in silence. Then he looked his questioner straight in the eye. "Well now, I just can't remember," he said.

But all the good jumpers are not in Ireland. Canada's show stables are full of them, though sometimes even the best may cause an exasperated owner to wish that they might be of a calibre such as the one referred to in the first paragraph.

It is exceedingly annoying to have a horse that can jump—and

engineers. Of course the horses jump. They just had a good railing with heavy one-inch iron pipe!

jump well—canter up to the first hurdle in a show ring three times in succession, sticking his toes in each time, until the sweet, clear, but imperative notes of the bugle tell you that the open gate awaits.

I have known, to my sorrow, horses that went into the show ring and jumped the full course as independent as if they were going to their beds" (again to quote the Irish R.M.) and the very next night, with the same course, they knocked bars all over the ring. There can be more downright perversity to the square inch of horseflesh than one would readily believe possible and perhaps that is partly responsible for the sudden aversion to jumping which some of them affect upon occasion. It is also responsible for some most amusing incidents which, though not in the least humorous at the time of happening, serve, nevertheless, as happy reminiscences to be retold and chuckled over for many years after.

Such an incident is still related in connection with a horse that was owned some years ago by an Ottawa man. He was a fine looking, powerful, big horse, kind and easy enough to manage as a rule, at times, some imp of perversity entered his heart, and on those occasions he became utterly unmanageable. If he made up his mind to run up on somebody's lawn, his rider might just as well sit resigned in the saddle because nothing anyone could do would prevent him going his chosen way.

One Sunday morning a man was riding him along the street. It was summertime and a pleasant, warm morning, and the doors of a church stood wide open on to the street. As the horse and his rider were in the act of passing, the organ pealed forth in sudden sound. Whether it frightened the animal or not was never decided but he wheeled about and cantered down the aisle of the church, his rider powerless to stop him.

But to come back to jumpers. Some of them are steady, consistent and never-failing—possibly one might even go so far as to say conscientious! There was one little horse who was never known to refuse a jump in his life from the first time his head was turned towards one. He went

even farther than that! Watching his owner exercise him in an indoor show ring one morning, to my amazement, upon reaching that part of the ring where the first hurdle is placed, he took off and made a perfect jump through the air. His rider rather wondered what the idea was, but put it down to the fact that the horse had seen something along the rail which had frightened him. However, when they came around again, he repeated the performance, which entirely bewildered his rider. A third time this occurred and then a man standing on the opposite side of the ring laughingly explained the cause. At first it sounded too highly fantastic, to believe but on second thought it was quite probable. The man pointed out that a shaft of sunlight from an upper window fell across the tanbark at exactly the spot where the top rail of the first jump, is usual placed. Evidently a rail was a rail to "Driftwood," whether it was shadow or real, and, honest little performer that he was, he was jumping it. All that winter he was proudly pointed to in the stable as 'the horse that jumped the sunbeam.'

There is a thrill about riding a horse over jumps which is not easily understood by anyone who has never tried it. Nor is it easily explained. How can you put into words the feel of a strongly-galloping horse under you; the pounding of your heart when you see the fence coming nearer and nearer; that final wild feeling of sheer joy when he gathers himself and goes flying over; the grim satisfaction with which you find yourself on the other side and still in the saddle, when you ram your hat and fix your eyes on the next fence!

Perhaps Whyte-Melville came as near to expressing these things as anyone ever will, in the lines of one of his poems:

"There in the bottom, see, sluggish and idle,
Steals the dark stream where the willow-tree grows;
Harden your heart and catch hold of your bridle,
Steady him! rouse him! and over he goes."

The only trouble about that is that there is usually great difficulty in hardening your heart, for the simple reason that you



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cannot always locate it. Sometimes it is in your boots, sometimes in your mouth, and sometimes you can't find it at all; but always it turns up full of love and gratitude for the gallant horse that has so willingly expended his own energy for your pleasure.

TWO COURSES

"Big Bill" Edwards, the new head of the Police Academy, said in New York the other day:

"I hope to do good work, but I shan't change New York into heaven. The people who expect me to do that will be disappointed, like the hungry hunter.

"The hungry hunter stopped for the night at a tavern down south, but first he said cautiously, 'I'm very hungry. What are you going to give me for supper and what will be the price?

" 'We give a gol-durn good supper for \$1.50,' said the landlord. 'Duck and 'taters.'

" 'Fine! That suits me,' said the hungry hunter heartily.

"He washed up, and in due course the bell rang for supper. Rubbing his hands and smiling, ing room. Then his face fell. For the hunter hurried into the dinthere was nothing on the oilcloth-covered table but a bowl of potatoes and another one of butter-milk.

" 'Here, landlord,' he shouted 'where's the duck?'

The landlord came in from the kitchen.

"The duck?" he said. 'Why man, don't ye understand? Ye take yer 'taters and duck 'em in yer buttermilk. That's what 'taters and duck is. I guess ye've never visited these parts before.'

A certain Sergeant-Major, while shooting his musketry course finished one range with two misses.

As the score keeper was leaving the range the S.M. said "Lend me your glasses a minute."

"But," replied the score keeper "your last two rounds were misses.

"That's just it" replied the Sergeant-Major, "I want to see where they went."

Officer: "Doesn't that mule ever kick you?"

Negro: "No Suh, he ain't yet but he frequently kicks the place where ah recently was."

FORTY REASON WHY A MAN SHOULD HAVE A DRINK

Because I'm so wet
Because I'm so dry.
Because I'm so jolly hot
Because it's so dreadful cold
Because I've won a bit of money
Because I've dropped a bit of money.

Because I've booked a good line
Because trade is bad
Because I'm off on a journey
Because I've just come off a journey

Because its all right, it's a boy
Because it's all right, its a girl
Because I'm so thirsty
Because It'll give me an appetite

Because I met a friend
Because I parted with a friend
Because its my birthday
Because it's your birthday
Because I don't know what to make of it

Because it's as clear as daylight
Because uncle's left me a bit of property.

Because the old man never left me a cent

Because I'm very busy
Because I've nothing particular to do

Because I won that case
Because I've lost the case
Because I've had some good news

Because I've had some bad news
Because that sweet girl has accepted me

Because that.....has jilted me
Because things are not pleasant at home

Because I've made it up with the Missus

Because I feel so jolly
Because I feel so miserable
Because I've got a beastly cold
Because I'm as fit as a fiddle
Because I had a drop to much last night

Because I haven't had a drink for a month

Because it's my usual time for one

Because I don't mind if I do—and one drop more

Won't make any difference.

Sweet young thing (on back of motorcycle): "Please do not travel so fast, this is the first time for me on a motereyle."

Trooper (hitting the high spots) That's nothing, this is the first time I have driven the thing and for the life of me I can't think how to stop it.

Royal View of Territorials in Hyde Park.

By Anthony Clyne

(New Castle Weekly Chronicle)

Sometime ago there was a Royal Review of Territorial troops in Hyle Park, London. Though the units taking part belong to the London district they are representative of all divisions, brigades, and formations of the Territorial Army, and this inspection by royalty is an event of national significance—a recognition of the patriotic services of Territorial soldiers, a demonstration of their efficiency, a stimulus to recruiting.

Everyone knows that from 1908 onwards Lord Haldane organised the Territorial Force, as it was called, out of the elements of the old Volunteers, and that it furnished magnificent proof of its value in the Great War.

But perhaps everyone does not remember that if the strength had not been seriously deficient on the outbreak of war in August, 1914, much of the personel inadequately trained, many of the men too old or too young or not physically fit for active campaigning, it would have been possible to reinforce the original expeditionary force much sooner than it was.

The Army Now

Perhaps everyone does not realise that the relative importance of the Territorial Army is now altogether higher than in 1914. The vital necessity, in these circumstances, of maintaining it numerically up to standard, properly trained, and animated by keenness in all ranks, is obvious.

Not only the immense reduction in the size of the Regular Army compared with 1914, but changes in administrative policy and developments in the science of warfare have altered the role of the Territorials. "You are now the Army," declared a distinguished general officer at a gathering of Territorials, with considerable truth if some exaggeration, "and we are only a corps of professional instructors."

When the great war began Lord Kitchener, passing over the Territorial organization, chose to build up a separate New Army on an entirely fresh ground-work. But though slighted, the Territorials

could not be ignored. Long before the new force could be ready, units were as a correspondent phrased it, helping to cement the dangerous cracks in our thin and battered line of Regulars at Ypres while whole divisions had gone overseas to Egypt and India to relieve Regular troops.

By August, 1915, all the 14 original divisions were overseas and before the end they had increased to 21 besides draft-supplying divisions at home. Territorials fought on every front where British troops were engaged, and they predominated on the Near and the far Eastern fronts. In arduous service, in splendid gallantry, in efficiency they were no whit behind the Regulars, winning their full share of honours.

Second Line of Defence

After the Great War they became not the third line of defence in the British military system, ranking after the Special Reserve, but re-organised and redesignated the Territorial Army, they became the second line. The Territorial Army is now the basis of our military expansion in time of war. Its members enlist for service overseas in case of imminent national danger, and its units will not be used to supply drafts for the Regular Army but will retain their distinctive regimentation.

The suggestion of tampering with pledges to this effect, when made last month, aroused anxiety and will be firmly resisted. The undertaking to respect the integrity of the territorial organization and not use it as a reservoir to "feed the Regular Army, except for temporary attachments in an emergency" is essential to encourage enlistments, to maintain the keenness and interest of those who have joined, their "esprit de corps" and willingness to make the sacrifices that Territorial soldiering entails.

It is in accord with the national temperament that we should rely for defence upon a force of citizen soldiers. British valour in arms has been through the centuries the valour of artisans and peasants captained by the sons of squires and merchants. "Our nation," wrote Dr. Johnson, "may boast beyond any other people in the world of a kind of epidemic bravery diffused equally through all its ranks; which can show a

peasantry of heroes, and fill our armies with clowns whose courage may vie with that of the general."

The part allotted to the Territorials is in accord with the spirit of our people and with our history. But this will go for nothing unless its numerical strength, its spirit, and its efficiency are maintained. The first it lies with the power and is the plain duty of many of us to assist, some by entering the ranks, some by making it possible and encouraging others to do so.

It should be made clear to men prejudiced against military life that the commanders of the Territorials are men of judgment and not martinets of the old school. They do not, for example, impose arduous marching on men fresh from factory or office, as was sometimes done in past years. They know the importance of avoiding both boredom and undue strain in training.

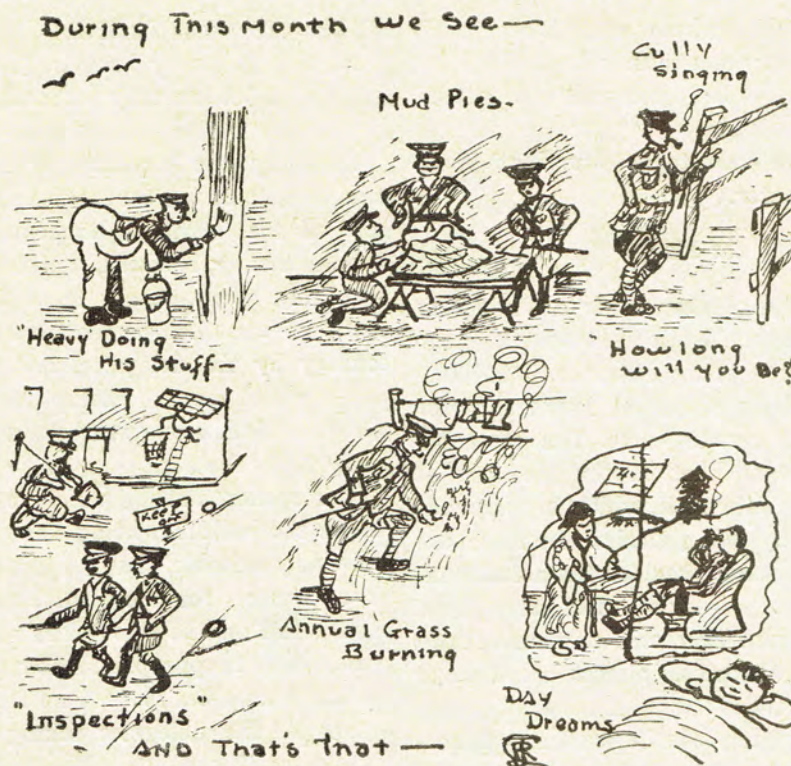
Spirit that Won the War

There is a story of a Guards' battalion that came shattered out of action in Flanders, picked up a draft of recruits, and immediately did an hour's steady drill. A very fine example of the spirit that won the war, but not an example for Territorial training. A certain amount of drudgery is an essential foundation, but a great deal that might be drudgery can by sagacity be invested with interest.

The passing of the horse has meant the loss of a patent stimulus to recruiting. The old Yeomary regiments have disappeared and divisional trains are now mechanical. Artillery and other mounted corps always had less trouble in maintaining a flow of recruits than infantry as well. An endeavour should be made to exploit mechanised units thus.

At the Royal Review tractors and guns are on parade, though out of consideration for the turf the heavy howitzers, searchlight lorries and mobile anti-aircraft guns keep to the roads.

It was in 1860 that Queen Victoria reviewed in Hyde Park the Volunteer Rifle Companies that had been formed when invasion threatened. Though there is no such threat now, there is very real need of maintaining the strength of Territorial Army. It is to be hoped that the marching of 10,000 men to the music of massed



bands, with the assembling of guns and other equipment will have its effect in reducing the shortage of 8,000 men in the London district.

The Royal Review ought to stimulate interest in the Territorial Army throughout the country and encourage recruiting. Its strength ebbed in 1919 and 1920 to a very low level, from which it has gradually risen. The feeling existed then that in the event of war there would be conscription from the beginning and the Territorials would be merged in the common herd. That misconception has been removed, and their status and duties have been made plain.

On May 1 this year there was a deficiency of over 32,000 officers and men. Last year was one of great difficulty owing to the reduction of War Office grants and the cancellation of annual camps. This year has shown marked improvement, but vigorous efforts are needed—appeals to youth to serve and to employer to make it easy for the men to undergo the training—to bring the Territorial Army to the standard essential for its vital functions.

Sweet young thing : (to N.C.O. of picquet at R.C.D. Guard-Room.) "Two of the inmates here told us that after six o'clock we could be shown around."

N.C.O.: "Sorry lady, this is not an asylum, I knew we had a reputation but did not think that it had gone that far." Exit S. Y.T.

"DO TWO WRONGS MAKE ONE RIGHT?"

A Junior N.C.O. whose duties have been worrying him a lot recently, had occasion to go down town the other day. He was rather hurried, and in consequence forgot to do that part of his apparel, which is the only outward indication of a cavalryman's superiority over a common infantry man—to wit—"His Spurs". The N.C.O. on the Main Gate failed to

observe the impropriety of his attire, being engaged in that ancient pastime known as "Pounding the Lug." and so, our young ambitious friend continued on his way entirely ignorant of his appalling mistake. He was, however, to suffer a rude awakening, on arriving at the Grand Trunk crossing he was stopped by a certain senior N.C.O. whose eagle eye had spotted the omission in the junior's attire. Did the Senior fall upon the Junior and lash him with vitrolic scorn. No! he did not. The procedure he adopted is a striking revelation of that spirit which animates our modern army. Bending down, he removed his own spurs and handed them to his subordinate saying, "Put these on, my boy, but nevah, nevah let is occur again."

Smith: "Jones expects 100 per cent disability on his accident insurance policy, he says that he is completely incapacitated by the loss of a thumb."

Smyth: "What is his vocation?"

Smith: "He is a professional hitch-hiker."

Officer (at examination of Cavalry school) "Why the quotation marks all over this paper?"

Candidate: "Courtesy to the man on my right, Sir."

WONDER

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Where the Conference is Sitting.

By David R. John

(New Castle Weekly Chronicle)

Over 300 delegates from 66 different countries are now assembled at the Geological Museum, South Kensington London for the World Economic Conference.

The museum from which the King made his speech during the afternoon of the opening day thus becomes a place of historic importance. And it has not yet been opened to the public! So far from being ready for opening, the Geological Museum is not yet even finished.

Workmen will still be putting finishing touches to various parts of the building for some weeks, and after the conference is over it will still be a time before the thousands of exhibits are arranged and the public admitted.

The present Geological Museum is in Jermyn Street, off Piccadilly, and the numerous exhibits will be transferred to the new building as soon as practicable after termination of the conference. The old building will then be sold to provide part of the £250,000 which the new museum will have cost when it is completed.

Wireless and Cables

His Majesty's speech, while it was undoubtedly the most important, will not be the only one to be broadcast. Several others will be made available to the ordinary listener. Accordingly, a special wireless control room, similar to those at Broadcasting House, only on a smaller scale, has been erected.

The Museum is not only connected to the world by wireless, but also by telephone and cable. A huge exchange with over 200 lines has been installed, and delegates will be able to speak to their home countries at little or no inconvenience to themselves.

For the time being, at any rate, the Geological Museum becomes the hub of the world.

The Houses of Parliament, and the events which occur there will for the duration of the World Economic Conference, take second place. So that every person interested, and that should include almost everyone in the world, shall

be able to know what is occurring, arrangements have been made for nearly 300 journalists to attend the sessions—a greater number than that to be found at Westminster.

Work for Many

The Museum is an imposing building. Built in stone with huge pillars at the entrance, it is likely to be a place of importance for centuries to come. The most important part of the interior is the Main Hall, which is surrounded by two galleries. As these are not being used for the actual conference sessions, they have been covered over and now make two large rooms, almost small halls in themselves. In view of their size these will be used as committee rooms and will greatly facilitate the work of the delegates.

The numerous smaller rooms and offices which were originally intended for the administration of the Museum form a block seven stories high. This entire section has been set apart for administrative workers only, and is at the disposal of the various delegations.

Each delegation necessitates the employment of many clerks, as there is a colossal amount of clerical and organisation work to be done. Many of the office workers have been brought from abroad as members of the parties, although work is nevertheless being found for many English clerks.

Actually, although there are about 150 really important delegates, 310 in all are present. The total number of additional people in England in connection with the conference is about 2,000 not to mention the numerous business men from almost every country represented who will be here to watch the proceedings.

It has been computed that about £1,000,000 sterling will result to British trade in consequence of the conference. Most of this will be spent on the administration work, although large sums will go in hotel bills, travelling expenses, theatres, visits and provincial tours.

Work and Pleasure

A number of delegates have arranged to rent famous English country houses for the summer. Others have secured fishing rights and yet more have obtained options on various grouse moors in

readiness for "The Twelfth."

All this is money brought into Britain, and it is money particularly welcome at the present time.

Certainly the expenses of the organization of the conference will fall on the British Exchequer, but the money, it seems, will have been well spent. Apart from the huge sums being spent in this country by the delegates, the benefits which should accrue from the discussions alone will be worth many times the outlay.

It is rather strange unless one knows the building, being new is eminently suitable, that the choice of a venue for the conference should fall on the Geological Museum. But, inappropriate though the name may be, there is no fear of any of the delegates taking a "geological" attitude. Fossilised brains are not wanted, and, at least until after the conference they will not be seen in South Kensington.

There are several stories told as to how the extravagant display of table silver, which characterizes the formal service of meals nowadays, puzzle some people. A friend of mine was once dining with a man in a restaurant in Montreal and was much disgusted at the fashion in which his fellow diner was using his knife and fork. He was, in fact, holding the fork as though it were the neck of a violoncello, and in an effort to cut his meat he was performing against it with his knife as though he was playing a selection by Popper. When he accomplished the separation of a large mouthful of food by this difficult method, would convey it to his lips with his knife. He also scooped up the gravy with his knife, and altogether used his knife in an unconventional not to say dangerous manner.

"Look here," he said at last to my friend, "the waiter hasn't brought me an extra fork."

"You don't need an extra fork," my friend said.

"The deuce I don't," his guest exclaimed. "What am I going to stir my coffee with?"

P.T. Instructor: "On the command one raise the right knee as far as possible on the command two place the left foot beside the right, and don't let me see a brighter move until I give the word three."

A Trooper by name of Therien (As we know he is some vegetarian)

One night came into the Mess-Room,

Ah! what do we see, a nice juicy tomato

All ready for tea.

Say's one "I would like that," Say's another "That so," I don't think you'll get it,"

"I want that tomato."

He waited his chance, and got it right soon—

Young Therien went up to borrow a spoon—

He came back "What the ???! my tomato is gone,"

"Who took it? I'll find him 'the Sun-of-a-Gun.'"

He found it, on who? we will mention no name—

And young Therien, who by now is wise to the game—

And taking no chances, he sticks to his claim—

Has those nice juicy tomatoes On padlock and chain.

Know foolish Saracen replied the Christian without hesitation "That thou blasphemeth the gifts of God, even with the blasphemy of thy Father Isamel. The juice of the grape is given to him that will use it wisely. As that which cheers the heart of man after toil, refreshes him in sickness, and comforts him in sorrow. He who so enjoyeth it may thank God for his wine cup as for his daily bread, and he who abuseth the gift of heaven is not a greater fool in his intoxication than thou in thine abstinence."

George had been in the Army eight years and was going home for the first time in those years. While on the train he fondly thought of the reception that he would get in the little town where home was. The train drew into the station and George got off. Yes, everything was the same with the exception that all were strangers to him with the exception of the old Station Master. Imagine his feeling when on going up to the old man all he said was "Hullo" George, going away?"

"It is a funny thing, but every time I dance with you the dances seem very short."

"They are. My fiance is leader of the orchestra."

SOMETHING FOR ALL

What is a person supposed to do when some one comes up and remarks: 'What happened to your work last month. "Really believe it could be improved upon" Well, I like compliments but after listening to the lot I felt quite uncomfortable. Most of us are like that, it is not modesty, the trouble is a lack of any acceptable formula, naturally the point was aimed at the Ass. Editor, St. Johns so he places before you "Ten Ways to Skin the Goat.

Ten Ways to Skin The Goat

- 1—Try and avoid your subscription when it falls due.
- 2—You must not, of course, contribute.
- 3—If anything in general does not seem to be going just so with you—sure blame it on the "Goat."
- 4—Than again, if by chance you do contribute, you must find fault with the Asst-Edit.

5—Never have a pleasant word to say about "The Goat" it is much easier to criticise than to help it out—

6—You must become decidedly "peevish" if you are not—if you are—mentioned in the columns.

7—If at any time you are asked by the Asst. Editor to let him have yours opinion on some matter just tell him you cannot—that really you have nothing to say, but just as soon as he is out of your sight it is expected of you to tell everyone how it should be run.

8—You must do nothing more than is absolutely necessary for you to do, but our contributors use their efforts to keep the brute alive, just sit back like a good fellow and yell at the top of your voice: "It is not worth it."

9—Hold back your subscription for at least one year then expect to get your regular copy without a hitch..it may work.

10—Please do not bother about the Brute, not in the slightest, it

is expected of the Asst.Edit. to become cock-eyed doing this.

Two colored gentlemen engaged in conversation, when one of them became very much annoyed by the persistent attention of a large fly.

Sam, whut kin' a fly am dis?

Dat am a hoss-ly.

A hoss-fly am a fly what buzzes 'round' cows 'n' hosses 'n' jackasses—

You ain' making' out for to call me no jackass?

No, I ain't makin' out for to call you no jackass, but you can't fool dem hoss-flies.

A FREE RIDE

McNab: "Hi, taxi, How much to the Comfort Hotel?"

Taxi-driver: "Four shillings sir."

"Four shillings, eh? And how much for my luggage?"

"Oh, that goes free, sir, if you have it inside."

"Very well, take my luggage to the hotel. I'll walk!"

As in the western novels, the cowpuncher married the beautiful school-teacher who came from England, and after a great celebration at Iron Spike they lit out—to use the correct expression, for their ranch in the mesquite some thirty miles away.

Some two months later one of the guests at the wedding celebration happened to meet the bridegroom riding into Iron Spike.

"Howdy, Bud?" he cried. "An' how's the wife?"

"Ain't you heered?" inquired Bud, rather surprisedly. "Why as we were ridin' out, the wife's horse shied, pitchin' her off, and she broke a leg. We were more'n twenty miles from the doc, too."

"Ain't that terrible! exclaimed the other. "So what did you do?"

"Do?" echoed Bud. "What could I do? Why, I shot her, o' course!"

Scotsman (reply to a friend—
"How did I like London, Grand.)
That's the place for me, every time we go into a restaurant we find tuppences under the plate."

Do you drink plenty of Milk?

Milk is one of the most nourishing foods obtainable and should be included in the daily diet of every person. Drink at least a quart a day of milk which you know to be pure, rich and wholesome for.....health!

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OH! OH!

"Trooper Rooney" said the Cavalry officer, "Take my horse down and have him shod."

For three hours the Lieutenant waited for his horse, than impatiently he sent for Rooney—

"Trooper Rooney" he said, "where is that horse that I told you to have shod?"

"Omigosh" gasped the Trooper growing pale around the gills,

Omigosh, did you say shod?"

Little Jimmie: "Say, mother how much am I worth?"

Mother: "Why, you're worth a million pounds to me, Jimmie."

Jimmie: "Can't you advance me a penny on it, mother?"

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Who was the N.C.O. on picquet who had his saddle soap stolen by one of his sentries, and upon making inquiries was told that it had only borrowed, Hmm, doubtful, Eh WHAT, and once again who was the individual, Come on lads, don't be bashful.

(We are a little in the dark ourselves, but maybe if we got our local sleuths to work they could throw some light on the matter.)

When you pay fifteen cents for a seat in the gallery at the theatre and sometime later the Manager finds you comfortably esconced in a dollar seat down stairs, Well, be nonchalant, reach for what ever you have, if you have nothing, reach for the door.

What happened to First Troop the other morning at reveille, was it the result of sleeping with a clear conscience.

Who is the Trooper, weight 162 pounds, who is a comfort to everybody, friend to those in need, and is loved by all.

Who was the Trooper, while putting up a shower tent at the Cavalry Camp School, got severely drenched by a shower that was accidentally turned on and merely remarked "My, my, somebody left a shower on."

Who was the trooper who was told his car would pay for itself and is still living in hopes. (What a hope.)

Who is it in Third Troop who is learning to be a finger-print expert—(took a photograph the other day with fingers over the lense.) Oh, Oh.

Who is this budding young poet that we have in the Squadron?

Who was the N.C.O. who tried threading a needle through the point instead of the eye of the needle. (serious job that, matter of life or death????)

Sgt. Inst. "What is a horse's length?"

Recruit: "Eight feet from nose to croup."

Sgt. (heatedly) "No, eight feet Sergeant."

Thrilling Voyages of the Old Clipper Days.

By B. R. Yarham, F.R.G.S.

(New Castle Weekly Chronicle)

One after the other the wind-jammers of the Australian "grain fleet" are putting into Falmouth, after having raced half across the world.

About half the 21 vessels taking part in this year's race have arrived, and some of them have completed trips whose times and reminiscent of the great ago of sail.

The four-masted barque Parma is said to have set up a new record by an 83 days' trip, thus beating the 86 days of the Herzogm Cecilie, and the 89 days of the Marlborough Hill.

This annual race from Australia, with the ships heavily laden with grain, and pressing on week after week, with their huge spreads of canvas.....brings a most exciting survival of the age of Clippers, the fastest ships the world has ever seen that had no other power except that of the wind to aid them.

Worshippers of these old-timers such as the Cutty Sark, the Taeping, Titania, James Baines, Thermopyloe and many others, declare that the voyages made by the windjammers of the grain fleet bear no comparison with the records set up by such ships, whose names are household words even now amongst seamen.

The famous Torrens, for example, the last full-rigged composite passenger clipper ever launched, broke the record on the great trade route to Australia in 64 days.

Big Spreads of Canvas

Yet in their way the modern records are equally remarkable, for although the crews of the ships of the grain fleet usually average 30 in number—the same as that of the clippers—their vessels are about three times the size in many cases, and they have double the quantity of canvas to handle.

Another factor to be taken into consideration is the extreme youth of the crews on the grain ships. Of the 500 sailors taking part in this year's race, the average age is 17.

As contrasted with the present day windjammers, which are nearly entirely used for carrying huge

quantities of grain, their cargoes varying between 2,200 and 4,500 tons of wheat, the clipper ships which raced between Britain and China in particular, and also to Australia, and from the East Coast of America to Australia and China, were designed expressly for great speed.

As one noted vessel put up some startling performance so another was built with the idea of eclipsing her feats. They could make headway with the slightest of breezes, and it is said of the Thermopylae, one of the speediest sailing ships ever built, that she could do seven knots with so little breeze that a man could walk round her decks with a lighted candle.

Close Finish

The Chinese tea trade was one of the most influential causes of the evolution of the swift clippers that sped between Britain and the Far East, and tea-clipper racing was at its zenith between 1859 and 1872. Tea quickly loses its flavour in the hold of a ship, and so in order to encourage the clippers to make fast passages substantial prizes were offered by the London tea merchants.

On one occasion two clippers which left China together docked within 20 minutes of each other the closest and one of the most thrilling of the long series of races.

Public excitement ran high, and tremendous rivalry existed among the crews of the various ships, although conditions on board were hard. The men were four hours on and four hours off all the passage, and in rough weather every hand was called on deck, which meant that rest was frequently broken. During fine weather, mending and washing of clothes occupied nearly all their time.

Some of the clippers could attain as many as 18 knots, and the Cutty Sark made 340 and 320 miles on three consecutive days during one passage. In spite of great speed which these ships were able to reach, they were very stable, and one of the outstanding features of the clipper Torrense, previously mentioned was that she could run before the wind in the "roaring forties" at 300 to 350 miles a day without shipping at sea.

The opening of the Suez Canal,

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and the increasing use of steam in the 70's put an end to the glories of the age of sail, but for long years the keenest rivalry existed between the steamers and the clippers, which saw their trade being taken from them. At first the liners were partially assisted by sails as the following thrilling eye-witness account by Captain Munro, R.N., shows. He was on board a fast clipper, and tells how it was gradually overtaking the liner.

Liner Overtaken

"We were now fast coming up with the chase and by noon she was broad on the beam; when the log being hove and 16½ knots reported to the 'Old Man' his next order, 'Loose the main royal and hoist the ensign at the peak,' made even the most daredevil seaman wonder was coming next.

"The lightest hand was soon aloft on the royal yard and the sail cast loose when it was mainmasted with a run. The view from the main royal was unforgettable. A few hundred yards to leeward was the liner belching out smoke

under a heavy press of sail, one moment lifted on to a great wave, her prophet racing madly, and the next almost out of sight as she sank in the trough of the sea."

During the zenith of the clipper era 100 ships were built in four years, and they carried 90,000 people to California during the gold rush, and soon afterwards no fewer than 40,000 to Australia when gold was found there. Some of the vessels sailed the seas for a remarkable number of years, the renowned Nightingale, for example, plying every ocean from 1851 until 1893.

Another well known clipper was called by the fascinating name Witch of the Waves, and this ship too sailed in every part of the world. The Americans were pioneers in the building of these ships, but the British yards came to compete with them and turn out ships equally speedy.

The clipper ship at its best was one of the most beautiful things ever designed by man, and as one has said of her, she was 'the ideal of applied art and a sheer de-

light to the eye," and the possessors of "that peculiarly satisfying beauty which always belongs to the thing absolutely fitted for the purpose it is designed to fill."

Two impecunious Scotsmen once came upon a wayside inn. They had only "saxpence" between them, so they ordered one 'nip of whiskey.' They were hesitating who should have the first drink, when an acquaintance joined them. Pretending that they had just drunk, one of them, handed the newcomer the whiskey, requesting him to join them in a drink. He did so, and after a few minutes of painful suspense, said "Now boys, you'll have one with me?" "Wasn't that well managed, mon?" said one to his companion afterwards. 'Aye,' said the other, "but dreadful risky!"

It was at a spiritualistic seance, and the professor was asking for suggestions. "Well," said one of the audience, "I have often thought I should like to speak

with dear old Cardinal Newman." "We'll see what we can do, sir. It all depends upon the mood of the medium." Lights were lowered, and soon a figure clothed in a white gown emerged from the darkest corner. In order to impress the audience with his genuineness, the alleged Cardinal advanced, extended his arms, and, in an impressive tone, exclaimed, "Benedictine."

"Next" said the dentist as he opened the door, and a patient staggered out, "Who has been waiting the longest?" "I have" said one man in the waiting room, "I have been waiting three years for you to pay this bill."

American—"What in your opinion is the difference between courtesy and tact."

Frenchman—"Well, my friend, suppose I go into the bathroom and find my Land-lady taking a bath, I would say, pardon me, Sir, Pardon me, would be courtesy, Sir, would be tact."

The Twenty-four Hour Mutiny.

By. Lieut. W. H. Williams, A.E.C.

(In the 4/7th Dragoon Guards Magazine.)

Sialkot 9th 10th July, 1857.

A pathetic little cemetery lies at the foot of the Fort in Sialkot City bearing witness to the very wide extent in rank of those few who were killed as the result of the mutiny which broke out among the Indian troops in the Cantonment on the early morning of the 9th July, 1857. The graves are only eight in number, and contain the remains of Brigadier General Frederick Briand, C.B., commanding the Brigade, Captain W. L. M. Bishop, Brigade Major, Captain J. E. Sharpe, Commissary Officer, Dr. James Graham, M.D., Superintending Surgeon, Dr. John Colin Graham, M.D., Civil Surgeon, Reverend T. Hunter, M.A., Church of Scotland Mission, Mrs. T. Hunter and baby, and Hospital Sgt. Nulty.

At the beginning of 1857, the following troops were quartered in Sialkot Cantonment under the command of Brigadier-General F. Briand: British—The 52nd Light Infantry, a Troop of Horse Artillery (Col. Dawes,) a Battery of Field Artillery (Captain Bouchier,) a total of about 900 all ranks. Indians—25th Native Infantry (Major Drake,) 46th Native Infantry (Col. Forquharson) and the 9th Bengal Cavalry (Col. Campbell,) making a total of about 2,200 all ranks.

As will be remembered the Indian Mutiny broke out at Meerut on 10th May, 1857. In pursuance of the Government policy of withdrawing all British troops from scattered and outlying stations, the British units were sent to join General John Nicholson's Flying Column which was based on Amritsar to intercept any mutineers trying to reach Delhi from the north and west.

Sir John Lawrence intimated that he could not hold the newly formed Punjab Government responsible for the safety of the families remaining in Sialkot Cantonment, and offered the hospitality of Lahore Fort to those British residents who wished to avail them-

selves of such protection, in the event of the mutiny spreading to the Native troops left in the station.

Very few took advantage of this offer. It was known before this that disaffection was rife among the troops, but every hope was entertained that the British Officers would succeed in maintaining the loyalty of the Natives in their regiments. So confident was the Brigadier, that no steps were taken even to disarm the troops as had been done in other stations in the Punjab. As a precautionary measure, however, the rendez-vous in case of emergency was changed from the military detention barracks, to the old fort of Sardar eja Singh in the City, and into this fort the treasury was quietly moved. Provisions and other preparations were established by the Deputy Commissioner (Mr. Monckton) in case it would be found necessary to house any refugees from the Cantonment. At the same time a Sikh Levy of two hundred men of the district was raised and trained for protective purposes.

The mutiny of the troops at Jhelum, and the capture by them of a piece of artillery made it more than certain that an outbreak would occur at Sialkot.

It is generally thought that the moving spirit whose influence led to the actual outbreak among the native troops in Sialkot was one Harmal Khan. This man was a renowned swordsman, of hefty build and strong. He had been employed as professional flogger at the Sialkot District Jail, but had been discharged by Mr. Monckton owing to a quarrel with a Court Clerk about a woman. This man was mainly instrumental in fanning the embers into a perfect blaze at 4 a.m. on the 9th July. The British Officers rushed to their lines to try and restore some sort of order, but it was impossible. The Cavalry fanatically rode through the station, killing every white man they could, and sparing none of their own who dared to oppose them. After releasing the prisoners from the jail, looting what remained of the Treasury, sacking the shops in the Suddar Bazar, burning the Courts and blowing up the Artillery Magazine, the mutineers marched out of the station at about 5 p.m. that evening leaving it in ruins.

It is impossible in this short account to give any detail of the privations and hardships undergone by the British folk during the awful twenty-four hours following the outbreak or of the narrow escapes which many had in reaching the safety of the fort. Just a few incidents may suffice to bring home to those who generally confine their reading of the Indian Mutiny to Meerut, Dehli, Cawnpur and Lucknow, the fact that the smaller outlying stations suffered equally as severely as the larger garrisons during that grossly ill-advised and misguided rising of the soldiery of the Indo-Gangetic Plain—men who had hitherto and have since given evidence of the great benefits resulting from British influence in India.

Brigadier-General Brind at this time lived in what is now known as No. 119 bungalow. He had risen early and was discussing plans following on the knowledge that the troops at Jhelum had mutined, when suddenly a shot passed through his window. He immediately ordered his horse and rode out among the mutineers. A shot from a troopers carbine entered his back near the spine. He drew his pistol to retaliate, when he found that the charges had been treacherously withdrawn—this was afterwards discovered to be the work of his Khansamah—but he managed to ride the trooper down and to break his jaw with the butt-end of the weapon. Meanwhile he was getting weaker, and only just managed to sit his horse as far as the fort. He died twelve hours later in great agony.

The General's Khansamah was another of the principal figures in the mutiny in Sialkot. He assisted in organising the rising of the 9th Cavalry and encouraged all the officers' servants to render their masters defenceless by stealing their swords and by withdrawing the charges from their pistols. He it was who took the Cantonment time-gun and worked it fairly successfully during the subsequent campaign against the Flying Column.

Captain W. L. M. Bishop lived in the bungalow now used as the Cantonment Executive Office. He and his wife drove towards the fort. The carriage got as far as the spot now occupied by the city railway station, after a desperate race with some of the troopers of

the 9th Cavalry, when it overturned. He was shot down while his wife just managed to reach the fort on foot.

Dr. J. C. Graham was a comparatively young man—only thirty years of age, and recently married. He and his wife were driving towards the fort when he was shot from behind. The shock proved too much for Mrs. Graham, and she only survived him for a short time.

Dr. James Graham would undoubtedly have escaped but he and his daughter tarried too long in their preparations for departure. Two sowars coming up close to their carriage shot him through the body. Miss Graham blamed herself entirely for the death of her father, which might not have occurred had she spent less time over her toilet that morning.

And so the story goes on. Much more could be told. Each of the some eighty to a hundred European residents in the station at the time underwent his or her individual hardship in the mid-summer heat of that eventful 10th July, 1857, and many are the letters and records still in existence which speak of the courage and fortitude displayed in the face of an almost impossible situation.

We must take our hats off to an English drummer boy who dashed off on the morning of the 9th July on a bazar pony and rode straight into Lahore chartering fresh ponies in every village through which he rode. The authorities in Lahore apprised General Nicholson. The mutineers had made off in the direction of the Ravi River towards Guardspur with the object of eventually reaching the mutineers headquarters at Delhi by a circuitous route avoiding Lahore. They crossed the Ravi at Trimmun Ghat, nine miles from Guardspur. General Nicholson meanwhile moved out from Arritesar and by marching forty miles in twenty-four hours, came up with the rebels at about 2 p.m. on the 12th July. During the action which lasted until the 15th July, very few of the mutineers escaped death, meet retribution being extended to the General's Khansamah.

Harsh and stern measures were taken against the surviving mutineers. Most of the goods and chattels were afterwards recovered from the surrounding villages. In ten days the Cantonments were

pronounced safe enough for the return of those who still were couped up in hiding in the few houses and in the fort during those anxious days.

The end of Harmat Khan is interesting. He had escaped into the mountains north of Jammu. In July, 1862 a stranger arrived in a village near Sialkot to fetch the wife, of one Fazla for a "Harmat Shah." The headman of this village knew this woman for the one that Harma Khan had quarrelled about five years before. The headman consequently informed the police. A party was sent out, and Harmat Khan was found hidden in a hut near the city of Jammu. He put up a brave fight, keeping forty men at bay for three hours.

Eventually a sword cut across his loins resulted in his death. His body was brought to Sialkot, identified on oath and buried in a Mohamedan cemetery on the south side of the city. A monument was erected to his memory by the Mohamedans of the Suddar Bazar in the compound of No. 105 bungalow—this is still visited by devotees with lights and offerings who, not knowing the facts believe it to be the tomb of some martyr or saint.

OPEN SESAME, A MODERN CHARM THAT WORKS—AND SAVES MONEY

(From: The Electric Journal, April, 1933.)

When a Roman emperor approached the massive gates of a walled town, they swung open as if by magic. If he wished to sit, he sat; a chair was always ready to receive His Imperial Highness. A great army of servants had been trained to anticipate the ruler's every whim. Today we have far more magic without the trained regiment of slaves, without, in fact, even one slave. Doors open, lights go on and off, cards are sorted, items are counted, traffic started—all without human aid. These uncanny effects by the two simple words "electronic tubes." Even the layman now explains and he is right.

An important industrial application of this tiny electric servant is down in a mine, to open and close doors when train loads of coal are passing. Such a door normally remains closed because it

is part of the ventilating system. But the driver of a locomotive does not have to wait until an attendant opens it. He approaches at his usual speed; the door opens for him automatically.

All this magic is really very simple. The train interrupts light beams across the track and thus actuates a controller consisting of photo-electric and grid-glow tubes and the necessary contactors for starting a motor which opens the door. The process is reversed when the light beams are re-established. The driver of a mine train, therefore, gets better service in this respect than the emperor—a far smaller effort and far less expense.

THE CHEE-ILD.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown moved into new neighborhood.

They seemed like nice people, and it was rumored they hadn't been married long.

The neighbor women dropped in to call and find out.

Mrs. Brown told them, with a pretty blush, that she and Mr. Brown had only been married six months.

The following month Mr. Brown was seen one day in the street wheeling a perambulator.

They got their heads together, and—

But one of the neighbor men stopped Brown in the midst of his walk, and said:

"Well, well Brown, Nice day to air the baby."

Brown agreed.

"Let's see the little chap," pursued the neighbor.

Brown demurred. The baby was all covered up.

"It's asleep," he protested.

"How much does it weigh?"

Brown looked about apprehensively, and lowered his voice.

"I'm just taking it home," he said, "It weighs a gallon and a half."

"The time has come, the Walrus said to talk of many things," but that is not the point. Does anybody want to buy that "Duck" Maybe get a rabbit thrown in. We are getting quite a collection, and are on the look out for mud turtles now, you never know.

"From within, out of the heart of man comes all that can exalt or degrade his nature."—Dean Inge.

George, Bring Down the Deck Chairs!

(By Edward Dunnill)

When a Man's Angry

Nowadays it is pleasant to sit in the garden when you have fixed up the deck chairs. I said "when" Lives there a man who has never played with a deck chair, trapped his fingers five times and swore 50 times?

"George," says your wife, "the sun is shining the birds are singing, the stop-me-and-buy-one is out and it is time the striped orange deck chairs were on the lawn."

"'Fraid I don't know where they are."

"They are under the carpet beaters in the attic. Hurry up before the sun goes in."

Relics of the Past

So George plods upstairs into the attic and falls over the old brass dogs behind the door. As he lies on the ground he spots one of his old bowlers under two rolls of wallpaper.

"Silly Billy!" he exclaims. "How styles change."

Kicking off the wallpaper, he retrieves the hat and brushes off some of the dust. Before a cracked bit of mirror—which brought them seven years bad luck and three children—he surveys himself. "I'll be blowed!" he chortles. "Talk about a pea on a drum. Won't Maria grin when she sees me."

Gathering up three deck chairs and wearing his 1918 hat he staggers downstairs. The only incident on the way are an attempt to bend the face of the grandfather clock and the sweeping of oak panelling with a sharp leg.

By the time George arrives downstairs he has forgotten his ancient headgear in the struggle. Out on the lawn he trots. And then the battle begins. With a nonchalant air George drops what should be the ridged stays. (Later he discovers it is the support for the canopy.)

"Swing this over," he whispers to a buzzing bee, "and the trick's done."

"Swing"—pull, thrust, tug—"over" rattle, shiver, shake

—"trick's"—push, bang, kick—"done." "What, gone wrong? Every blessed summer, these deck chairs shrink and stick. Whoever invented deck chairs ought to sleep in a starched collar. Let us try another.

Easy Does It.

"Steady, my boy. This bit goes behind the canvas.....over she.....Ooh! What the—Steady boy, steady. Nothing gained by losing your temper. Shove this down and—Glow it! Blood on the cleanest chair now. Now here goes. This stay fits in that ridge, and if my leg didn't get in the way it would. Better start all over again. Hello Maria!"

"Summer is here at last," smiles Maria. "Put them up, George, dear. Yes; swing that bit over the top and drop it down. No, not that one. The one you have got your foot on. And—of all the cards, you look the limit. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"He, he, he!" mimics, George, bitterly. He had forgotten his little hat.

"Bring a lamp when you do come back."

And then George really sets about those chairs. He thrashes them across the lawn and swings one in the water butt. Over goes his finest columbine and three delphiniums. But he battles on gallantly.

A small dog trots innocently into the garden and noses across the lawn. It departs—speeded on its way with a striped orange deck chair. Miraculously the chair alights and is ready to sit on. Three more chairs hurtle across the lawn, but he has no luck. In fact, he knock's over the one which the gods had erected.

"Maria," whispers George from the heart of a rambler. "Come and put this chair off. And then we will bring out the settee. MARIA!"

Sergeant (teaching wife to drive car) "Don't forget to change gears going up this hill"

Wife: "What do you want to change gears for? these are working all right."

"THE EVIL THAT MEN DO."

A massively built recruit was engaged in that pleasant pastime, jumping an 'orse. He had failed in a lamentable manner about three times in succession, his instructor then gave him the following advice. "Take your horse quietly and smoothly up to the jump—don't rush it—remember it has got no wings." The recruit opening his eyes in a babyish stare replied, "but Sergeant, does a 'orse have wings."

An officer was using a brace and bit in boring a hole through a large piece of wood. A Private was observing the process very interestedly, as the bit emerged from the opposite side of the piece of wood, the onlooker remarked, "I knew it would go through." And yet some firms are in need of a \$10,000 brain to control their destinies.

Pinning a story on to a famous personage of history is a dangerous thing to do. If you say that a certain event happened to Soph-

ocles, somebody is sure to write you that as a matter of fact it was an incident in the life of Dan Lend. The following story goes back to Napoleonic times. However, it sounds more like our own times in "Plug Street" Wood sector.

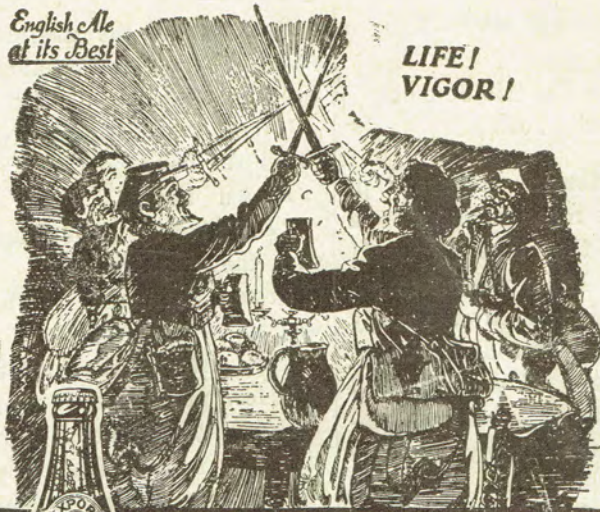
A draft of raw British troops was dispatched to Belgium prior to the Battle of Waterloo. They were fresh from the plough and looked it.

"I don't know how these fellows are going to affect the enemy," Wellington is reported to have said, "but they certainly scare me."

A preacher who had divided his sermon into divisions and sub-division, quite exhausted the patience of his congregation, who finding night coming on, quitted the church one after another. The preacher, not observing this rapid desertion continued to dispute with himself in the pulpit, until a Choir boy who had remained, said "Sir, here the keys of the church when you have finished will you be careful to shut the dior.

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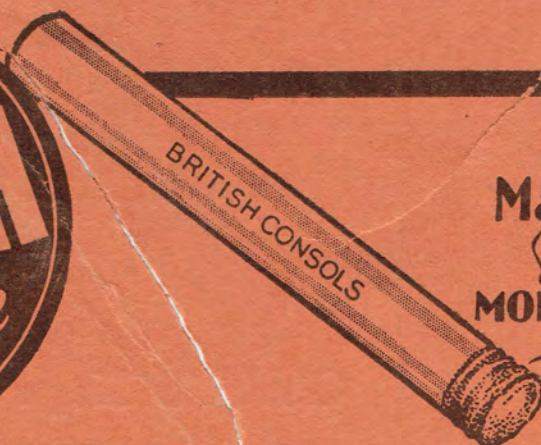
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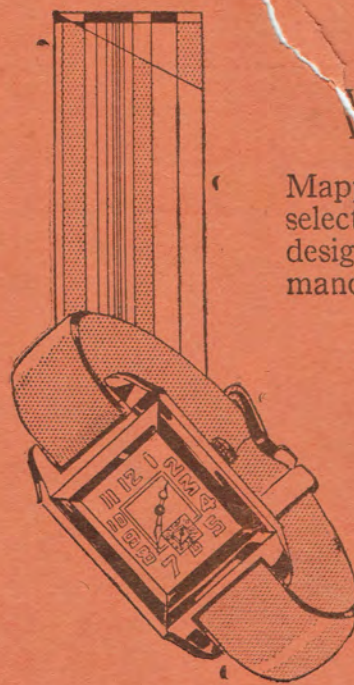
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